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L. XVI Tea

108. c. 69

Fig: 1. The Plant in Leaf, Flower & Fruit, of Tea



Fig: 1.

2. the Flower.

3. 4. 5. & 6. The Fruit in different Shapes & Postures.

A
P O E M
U P O N
T E A :
W I T H

A Discourse on its Sov'rain Virtues ;
and Directions in the U S E of it for
H E A L T H.

Collected from Treatises of Eminent Physicians
upon that Subject.

Also a P R E F A C E concerning
B E A U - C R I T I C I S M.

By Mr. T A T E,
Poet-*Laureat* to Her M A J E S T Y.

Innocuos Calices, & Amicam Vatibus Herbam ;
Vimque datam Folio -----
Planta beata, Deus Terrarum Munus Olympi. *Thor.*

L O N D O N :
Printed for J. Nutt near Stationer's-Hall, MDCCII,



PREFACE.

THE Tale, in the first Canto of this Poem, was taken from the Chinese-History, and, with very Modest Fiction, Accommodated to my Subject, to make the Production and Discovery of the TEA-TREE more Wonderful and Surprizing: which I may as well suppose to have been Miraculously Produc'd, as Fracastorus his West-Indian Tree, which he tells Us, was

Deum Manibus Sata, Semine Sacro.

Then, for my Introducing the Deities, and Competition of the Goddesses, in the second Canto, 'tis according to Petr. Arbiter's per Ambages, & Deorum Ministeria, &c.

I was Oblig'd to give the whole an Air of Gayety, yet with the strictest Observance of Decency, to make the Poem (like the Nepenthe

P R E F A C E.

*on which 'tis Writ) an Entertainment for
LADIES.*

*I cannot dissemble my having that Ambition ;
But (beyond my Expectation) the Poem had
like to have pleas'd the Beaus too ; to have pass'd
a Committee of Beaux-Esprits ; a Grace seldom
conferr'd by them on Any Pretender to the Quill,
besides their own especial Favorites.*

*Yet so near was I (Once in my Life) to an
Honour I always Despair'd of : therefore for a
Man at the very Point of Preferment to Miscar-
ry on a Punctilio, is a Mortifying Disaster.*

*The Misfortune happen'd, it seems, not through
Defect in Performance ; but unlucky Choice of
my Subject. They could have allow'd my Po-
etry, but a Tea-Leaf was too Diminutive a
Thing, and altogether below the Cognizance of
the Muses.*

*My Case therefore is Desperate: 'tis in
vain to plead Presidents, altho of Master-Po-
ets. Virgil's Bees, and Vida's Silk-Worms,
are Small-Craft, and glad to scamper for them-
selves : Neither are Fracastorius his Plant,
nor*

P R E F A C E.

*nor Thorius his Weed, sufficient to shelter a
Poor Tea-Tree.*

*The Arguments these two last-mention'd Au-
thors chose to Embellish with their Verse were,
not only Mean, but, in themselves, not very
Agreeable; yet (as their late Ingenious * Pub-
lishers have well observ'd) by Artifice of Poetry,
strength of Genius, and Invention, Refin'd and
Sublim'd, to the Delight and Admiration of
their Readers.*

*Besides, I presum'd the Slendernefs of my
Subject (if that were my Weak-side) sufficiently
Fore-fended by the unquestionable Authority then
Cited, viz.*

*In tenui Labor, at tenuis non Gloria, &c.
Virg. Georg. l. 4.*

*Which Apology I reckon'd a sure Spell against
any Blast from that Quarter.*

* Castitate Sermonis & Rerum épureia, & conquestis apposite ad
Ornamenta Fabulis, &c.

Prefat. ad Anthologiam, seu Select. Poem. Ital.

Carmen quod in Deliciis ponitur, &c.

Musar. Anglic. Analect.

P R E F A C E.

*But the Charm fail'd me, and (perhaps)
through my Own Default, in (barbarously)
Quoting from the Original, ---- From the cele-
brated Translation it might have done Won-
ders.*

*Neither am I so much concern'd for my Me-
tre, as the Merits of the Thing I endeavour'd
to Recommend : for which Reason (besides the
Prose-Account, on the Virtues of this Nectar) I
shall here tell the fine Gentlemen, 'tis the best
Drink in the World for Complexion.*

*I care not if I present the Reader with One Dis-
covery more, in Beau-Criticism : To shew
they are no less Happy in the Talent of Com-
mendation than Censure.*

*Upon Mr. Dryden's Translating the first
Book of Ovid's Metamorphosis, the Charac-
ter some refin'd Wits gave of the Performance,
was, that he had Improv'd his Author, and
rais'd him into Virgil.*

*Now, if this were really the Case, a Vulgar
Judgment would Conclude it so far from being a
Good*

P R E F A C E.

Good Translation, that 'twas none at All : that 'twas Transformation, a stranger Metamorphosis than Any in Ovid.

*That Great Master of the Muses knew (and no Man better) the Tenderness, Delicacy, and the Nescio quid Dulce Peculiar to this Poet, and appears Particularly * Sollicitous to possess his Readers, that he had hit the Ovidian Air : which, if he either has, or wou'd have done, demonstrates these Discerning Spirits to have discover'd an Excellence in the Translation, which the Translator neither Design'd, nor Desir'd.*

But how far his Complaisance might seem to suffer the Complement, in Conversation, I can't say : For, besides Publick, and just Applause from all Men of true Judgment, he had, some times, the Private Satisfaction of Laughing at his Admirers.

Such is the Comfortable Present State of Poetry ; Nothing so little Understood, Nothing so Peremptorily Censur'd, and Most of All by those who know least of the Matter.

* Dedicat. to the 1st. Vol. of Misc.

P R E F A C E.

When its Composition is Just and Regular, the Springs of Movement are too Curious and Conceal'd, the Artifice too fine and Subtil, the † Colouring too deep struck to catch Common Sight.

Nor is This the Greatest Grievance of the Muses ; They groan under the Affliction to see their most Useful Provinces the least Encouraged or Regarded ; A Treatment so Injurious, as strikes at their very Constitution, and Merits of their Charter, the Good and Laudable Services, from whence Originally Sprang the

*--Honor & Nomen, Divinis Vatribus, atq;
Carminibus.*

Their Noblest Offices, Encomium and Panegyrick, are no Entertainment to this Good-Natured Age ; The Graces cease to Charm, while (by the same Unaccountable Magick) Town and Country grow bewitch'd to Satyr ; I mean (begging honest Satyr's Pardon) Fiends in its shape, that, instead of lashing Vice, stab Reputation ; The Wit, Spight, and Sarcasm Slander.

† Curandum est ne Sententiæ Emincant, extra Corpus Orationis Expressæ, sed, intectio Vestibus Colore, niteant. *P. Arb.*

P R E F A C E.

Any Thing of Any Body. And these Efforts of Ingenuity to be the Regale of Conversation, and Entertainment of Gentlemen !

This perhaps may be A-la-mode, a Refining upon Old English Breeding, and the Present Age may Pride it self in these Modern Civilities ; the Only Danger is, of Dull Strangers misapprehending it ; and lest

*--- Your filthy Foreigner will stare,
And Mutter to Himself, ha ! Gens Barbare.*
Prol. by Mr. Dryd.

Moreover, (to the Honour of our Days) Experience shews, that Lewd and Profane Wit never fails of a Market, while Moral and Religious Poetry (be the Ware never so Excellent and truly staple) may e'en pack up as it came ; call for Chapmen, and

*---- Nemo hercule, Nemo ;
Vel duo, vel Nemo ; Turpe & Miserabile !*

*So then ; If a Poet can't Please without doing Mischief, neither give Diversion, nor get Applause, without Violence to Virtue and Things Sacred --- Ah ! non est Tibia Tanti --- for
--- Ten-*

P R E F A C E.

---Tempus erit Magno cum Optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta; & cum spolia ista, Diemq;
Oderit, Infelix !

*I beg the Readers Pardon for a Word more of
the Premises.*

*I am (yet) so little convinc'd of Demerits in
the Subject Here Poetiz'd, that I think of Ven-
turing (e'relong) at a Second Part.*

*For I must honestly acknowledge, 'tis to This
(despicable) Tea-Leaf that I owe Recovery out
of a Weakly Constitution from the very Cradle :
and make no Doubt of the like Benefit to Others
(in most Infirmities) with right Knowledge of
this Panacea, and different Preparation and
Use of it's Infusion, for the purpose of Pleasure
Only, or for Health : Which is a Secret to most
People ; but, to be found in Learn'd Treatises
on This Subject ; Whereof I have given Some
Material Hints (in the Subsequent Collection)
and shall (perhaps) more largely in my next
Expedition.*

*On our English Poetry , and this
Poem upon T E A.*

SEE *Spanish Carderon* in Strength outdone:
And see the Prize of Wit from *Tasso* won :
See *Corneil's* Skill and Decency Refin'd ;
See *Rapin's* Art, and *Molier's* Fire, Outshin'd ;
See *Dryden's* Lamp, to our admiring View,
Brought from the *Tomb* to Shine and Blaze anew !

The *British* Lawrel by Old *Chaucer* worn,
Still *Fresh* and *Gay*, did *Dryden's* Brow Adorn :
And that its Lustre may not fade on Thine,
Wit, Fancy, Judgment, *Tate*, in thee combine.
Thy pow'rful *Genius* thus, from Censure's Frown
And Envy's Blast, in Flourishing Renown,
Supports our *Brittish* Muses *Verdant* Crown. }
Nor only takes a Trusty *Laureat's* Care,
Lest Thou the Muses *Garland* might'st impair ;
But, more *Enrich'd*, the *Chaplet* to Bequeath,
With *Eastern* T E A join'd to the *Lawrel-Wreath*.

R. B.

To the AUTHOR on his Poem
upon T E A.

LET Rustick *Satyr*, now, no more Abuse
In rude Unskilful Strains thy Tuneful Muse;
No more let *Envy* lash thy true-bred Steed,
Nor cross thy easy, just, and prudent Speed;
Who dext'rously dost *bear*, or *loose* the Rein,
To climb the lofty Hill, or scour the Plain:
With proper *Weight*, and *Force* thy Courses run;
Where still thy *Pegasus* has Wonders done,
Come home with *Strength*, and thus the *Prize*
has Won.

But now takes *Wing*, and to the **Skies* aspires;
While Vanquish'd *Envy* the bold Flight admires,
And baffled *Satyr* to his *Den* retires.

* Canto II.

T. W.

T H E

THE INTRODUCTION.

FAME Sound thy Trump, all Ranks of Mortals
call,

To share a Prize that will enrich 'em All.

*You that with Sacred Oracles converse,
And clearly wou'd Mysterious Truths rehearse;
On soaring Wings of Contemplation rise,
And fetch Discov'ries from above the Skies;
Ethereal T E A your Notions will refine,
Till you your selves become almost Divine.*

*You Statesmen, who in Storms, the Publick Helm
Wou'd Guide with Skill, and Save a sinking Realm,
T E A, your Minerva, shall suggest such Sense,
Such safe and sudden Turns of Thought dispense,
That you, like her Ulysses, may Advise,
And start Designs that shall the World surprise.*


You

The Introduction.

*You Pleaders, who for Conquest at the Bar
Contend as Fierce and Loud as Chiefs in War ;
Would you Amaze and Charm the list'ning Court ?
First to this Spring of Eloquence resort :
Then boldly launch on Tully's flowing Seas,
And grasp the Thunder of Demosthenes.*

*You Artists of the Æsculapian Tribe,
Wou'd you, like Æsculapius's Self, Prescribe,
Cure Maladies, and Maladies prevent ?
Receive this Plant, from your own Phœbus sent ;
Whence Life's nice Lamp in Temper is maintain'd,
When Dim, Recruited ; when too fierce, restrain'd.*

*You Curious Souls, who all your Thoughts apply,
The hidden Works of Nature to descry ;
Why veering Winds with vary'd Motion blow,
Why Seas in settled Courses Ebb and Flow ;
Wou'd you these Secrets of her Empire know ?
Treat the Coy Nymph with this Celestial Dew,
Like Ariadne she'll impart, the Clue*




Shall

The Introduction.


*Shall through her Winding Labyrinths convey,
And Causes sculking in their Cells, display.*

*You that to Isis's Bank or Cam retreat,
Wou'd you prove worthy Sons of either Seat,
And All in Learning's Commonwealth be Great?
Infuse this Leaf, and your Own Streams shall bring
More Science than the fam'd Castalian Spring.*




*Wou'd you, O Musicks Sons, your Art compleat,
And all its ancient Miracles repeat,
Rouze Rev'ling Monarchs into Martial Rage,
And, when Inflam'd, with Softer Notes assuage;
The tedious Hours of absent Love beguile,
Charm Care asleep, and make Affliction Smile?
Carouse in T E A, that will your Souls inspire;
Drink Phœbus's Liquor, and command his Lyre.*

*Sons of Apelles, wou'd you draw the Face
And Shape of Venus, and with equal Grace
In some Elysian Field the Figure place?*




The Introduction.

*Your Fancy, warm'd by T E A, with wish'd Success,
Shall Beauty's Queen in all her Charms express :
With Nature's Rural Pride your Landskip fill
The Shady Grotto, and the Sunny Hill,
The Laughing Meadow, and the Talking Rill.*



*Sons of the Muses, would you Charm the Plains
With chearful Lays, or sweet Condoling Strains ;
Or with a Sonnet make the Vallies ring,
To Welcome home the Goddess of the Spring :
Or wou'd you in sublimer Themes engage,
And sing of Worthies who Adorn the Age ?
Or, with Promethean Boldness, wou'd aspire
To catch a Spark of that Celestial Fire
That Crown'd the Royal Conquest, and could raise
Juverne's Boyn above Scamander's Praise ?
Drink, drink Inspiring T E A, and boldly draw,
A Hercules, a Mars, or a N A S S A U.*



A
P O E M
U P O N
T E A.

In Two C A N T O ' S.

C A N T O I.

BY *Avon's* Stream (the Muses calm Retreat)
Palemon liv'd in his un-envy'd Seat,
 None better knew, or practis'd, in his Cell
 The chaste Delights that with Retirement dwell.
 And thus confin'd to Safety's humble Sphear,
 Desiring Little, had not Much to fear ?

Was neither Fortune's Envy, nor her Sport ;
 Free from the servile Arts of Town or Court,
 The nauseous Task, that gen'rous Souls contemn,
 Of Knaves Carasses, and Caressing, them.

Yet (whether Novelty his Fancy fir'd,
 Or some Diviner Pow'r the Thought inspir'd,)
 Through Foreign Climates he resolv'd to roam,
 And view those Wonders which he read at home.
 Most strict Survey in every Realm he made
 Of Men and Manners, Policy and Trade;
 But none he found, his gentle Soul to please,
 Like the Refin'd and Civiliz'd *Chinese*.

Rich in Improvements of his well-spent Time,
 The Bard returns to his own Native Clime:
 The Neighb'ring Shepherds, who his Absence
 mourn'd,
 Visit with Joy their wandring Friend return'd.
 Short Salutation past, he feasts their Eyes
 With pleasing View of *Eastern* Rarities.
 Nature and Art's choice Gift, the *Goa-stone*,
 With Plants and Herbs to *Western* Swains unkown.

Yes,

Yet, more surpriz'd, they found their Senses chear'd,
Soon as the Verdant fragrant *T E A* appear'd;
It's Nature, Use, confus'dly they demand,
What Name it bore? The Product of what Land?
'Twill Time require to have at full exprest
(The Bard reply'd) what you in hast request.
Come to my Bow'r, and I'll inform you there,
What curious Souls must needs be pleas'd to hear.

He said, and with his willing Guests withdrew;
Where a new Scene of Wonders charm'd their
View ;

On burning Lamps a Silver Vessel plac'd,
A Table with surprising Figures grac'd,
And *China*-Bowls to feast their Sight and Taste:
The Genial Liquor, decently pour'd out,
To the admiring Guests is dealt about.

Scarce had they drank a first and second Round,
When the warm *Nectar's* pleasing Force they found,
About their Heart enliven'd Spirits danc'd,
Then to the Brains sublimer Seat advanc'd.
(Such Transport feel young Prophets when they
Or Poets slumb'ring by *Pirene's* Stream.)

Dream.

With silent Wonder mutually they Trace
 Bright Joys reflected on each other's Face.
 Then thus the Bard---Fear no *Circean* Bowls,
 This is the Drink of Health, the Drink of Souls!
 The Virtues This, and This the Graces quaff,
 Like *Nectar* chearful, like *Nepenthe* safe.
 Not such the Plant which *Bacchus* first did nurse,
 Heav'n's Blessing chang'd by Mortals to their Curse
 Ah Syren-Pleasure, to Destruction turn'd!
 Ah woful Mirth to be for ever Mourn'd!
 How much more blest--
 You Swains who drink, with Birds, the running (Spring,
 And Innocent, like them, like them can sing.
 Another Round---Then, if your Patience hold,
 I shall the Charming History unfold,
 How this rare Plant at first divinely sprung,
 Nor shall its Sov'reign *Virtues* rest unsung,
 For which our *Phæbus* oft his Harp has strung.

While the *Chinese* remain'd a Virtuous Breed,
 From *Western* Vices and Distempers freed;
 Or but with common Maladies were griev'd,
 With common Plants of Nature's Field reliev'd;

TEA was not sprung---reserv'd by friendly Fate,
For last Distress of *China's* suffering State.

Whose Griefs and wondrous Cure I shall recite,
A Tale that may your Patience well requite.

When *KI*, a Name Through Eastern Climes accurst,

(Last of his Race, of wicked Kings the First)
Prophan'd the Throne, ill-boding Signs foreran,
And dreadful Prodigies his Reign began;
His monstrous Reign, which justly you may call
The most amazing Prodigy of All.

Discarding all the Sages of the Realm,
Rash unexperienc'd Youth he sets at Helm:
Till now, from all its ancient Frame estrang'd,
The Government into a *Farce* was chang'd.
Buffoons the Empire's Grand Affairs debate,
And Jesters are the Councillors of State.
Pert, smatt'ring Youngsters Judges of the Land,
And dressing Fops the Martial Troops command.
Those for Companion-Fav'rites he admits.
Who had for Pleasure most inventive Wits:

These Prodigals ingross the Monarch's Hours,
 In rev'ling Grotto's and voluptuous Bow'rs :
 A Province must be Tax'd when e'er they Dine,
 In Essences they rowl, and Bathe in Pools of Wine.

This soft Contagion, in the Palace bred,
 From Court to Town, from Town to Country spread,
 Old Discipline through *China's* Empire fails,
 And upstart Riot like a Plague prevails;
 Expensive Idleness, for frugal Pains,
 In ev'ry City, ev'ry Village reigns:
 Whence Poverty, Fraud, Rapine did ensue,
 And these attended with a swarming Crew
 Of dire Diseases, like their Vices, *New*.

But *China's* Nobles, the discarded Race
 Who still did injur'd Virtue's Cause embrace;
 With conscious silence could no longer view
 At once their Country's Shame and Ruin too.

An ancient *Mandarine*, wise, pious, just,
 Who long had foremost serv'd in Publick Trust,

First Minister in prosp'rous Days of State,
 Advances first against the Publick Fate:
 With rev'rend Aspect, and with solemn Grace,
 He represents the Empire's wretched Case.
 And reprimands the Tyrant to his Face.
 The fiery Monarch (with a Jav'lin snatcht
 And through his kind Adviser's Throat dispatcht)

Crys,

*-----Formal grave Buffoon your Counsel's wrong,
 And like your senseless Life spun out too long,
 I cut 'em short---harranguing Dotard go---
 The Ghosts have leisure---talk the rest below.*

Now Swains receive a Story strange and true,
 And with Amazement let Fame listen too.
 Of *Gracian* Worthies her stale Names give o'er,
 And boast of *Roman* Gallantry no more:
 Hear greater Miracles of Honour, done
 Beneath the Influence of the Rising Sun.
 But ah! this Eastern Glory to allay,
 The changing Scene must frantick Vice display;

Such Pomp of Luxury as ne'er was seen
 Twixt rev'ling *Anthony* and *Egypt's* Queen.

While weltring in his Gore one Patriot lies,
 Another Chief the Tragick Part supplies,
 And in the Prologue of his Story dies.
 A Third, scarce enter'd on the bloody Stage,
 A Victim falls to Arbitrary Rage;
 Yet boldly to the desp'rate Charge succeed
 A Fourth and Fifth, who, like the former, Bleed,
 The Sixth, as if to triumph o'er his Fate,
 Placing his Hearse before the Palace-Gate,
 Rushes into the Slaughter-Room of State.

Then thus the Tyrant---*Dull aspiring Fool,*
Who like a Pedant com'st thy Prince to School,
Thou would'st be Chronicled, and have thy Name
Distinguisht from thy Brother-Fools of Fame,
Recorded to have brav'd thy Monarch's Doom,
And then retire, with State, into thy Tomb.
But know, thy Plot for Glorious Death is vain,
Nor shall that Hearse a Traytor's Corps contain;

*A Feast for savage Beasts thou shalt be made——
 And who dare next their Sovereign's Peace invade,
 In wretched Torture shall their Treason rue;
 And from the lingring Rack and Gaunches, view
 Their Sons to speedier Execution led;
 To vilest Slaves their Wives and Daughters wed.*

This Sentence past, like an Infernal Charm,
 Honour and Courage did at once difarm;
 Stunn'd with the Sound, and Thunder-struck, they
 To lawless Vice the execrable Field. (yield

Now Banquets, Musick, Masques and Mimick
 Are all the Business of the Imperial Court; (Sport
 From which the Monarch never did remove,
 But to the dearer Solaces of Love.

In ev'ry Passion of his roving Mind
 A *Libertine*, but in Amour confia'd:
Amira was the first who found the Art
 At once to conquer and enslave his Heart.

One Evening when the wanton *Zephyrs* Play'd,
 Repos'd beneath the Myrtle's am'rous shade,

All raviſht in his lov'd *Amira's* Arms
 (Brighter than *Venus* in her new-born Charms.)
 The Monarch ſigh'd and ſaid, *Ah fading Joy!*
Why ſhould the Transports that never cloy?
Why are thoſe Eyes, than Stars more heav'nly bright,
Condemn'd to ſhine with Temporary Light?
Ah! might their lovely Luſtre ever blaze,
As on their Glories I cou'd ever gaze!
Muſt all this Bloom be nipt with Death's cold ſhade!
Why ſhould theſe Lillies, why theſe Roſes fade!
Why ſhould th' Elyſian Spring for ever laſt,
And Thine be Doom'd to Fate's untimely Blaſt;
Theſe penſive Thoughts, like Furies, haunt my reſt;
Theſe Harpy-Gueſts my Feaſt of Love moleſt.

The Queen, her weaning Lover to beguile;
 (A Trickling Tear diſſembling with a Smile)
 Replies, *Tho' envious Fates your Wiſh deny,*
We may forget that we ſhall ever Die;
Our Life to unmoleſted Pleaſure give,
And, while the Scene laſts, like Immortals live.

Erect a Palace (than the Sun's more bright)
Immur'd from Day, but with more radiant Light
Of ever-blazing Lamps and Tapers deckt,
And sparkling Gems the Lustre to reflect.
Where Change of Seasons we shall never see,
To read us Lectures of Mortality.
Grief be excluded from that happy Sphere,
And Pleasures only have admittance there;
Which trusty Fav'rites, (to secure their sway
Abroad) shall Thither in full Tides convey,
Of Empire you shall thus enjoy the Spoil,
The Fruit, for which your Royal Vassals toil.
The Pride of Nature there shall charm your Sight,
Her richest Luxury your Taste invite.
Earth's scatter'd Blessings shall together meet,
And lye in smiling Heaps before your Feet.
There Fountain-springs thro' artful Pipes shall move
With all the Musick of the Spheres above,
To charm our Slumbers in the Bow'r of Love.
Thus from the Cares of lower Empire free,
Blest, like the First, shall our new Eden be,
Where I to You, You all the World to Me.

The Monarch, to indulge the pleasing Cheat,
 With vast Expence builds this Inchar'd Seat;
 Where the fond Pair, from Vulgar Mortal's fight
 With chosen Minions, hide themselves in Light.

The Provinces to Villains Hands assign'd,
 Now, for one Tyrant lost, a thousand find;
 While he absconds, his lewd Trustees of Pow'r,
 The bleeding Vitals of the State devour.
 What Riot wastes with Rapine they supply,
 And Rapine drein'd, to Sacrilege they fly.
 The Country's Tillage, and the City's Trade
 Exhausted, they the Temples Rights invade;
 Whose injur'd Pow'rs, with just Resentment fir'd,
 Discarded Chiefs with equal Rage inspir'd,
 Who, follow'd by a small but zealous Train,
 In thin Batallion muster on the Plain.

To head their num'rous Troops the Vice-roys Arm,
 But quit the Field on Danger's first Alarm;
 With their *Beau*-Captains---All more Courtly
 Bred

Than to Desert their Gen'als when they *Fled*.

Mean

Mean while their Troops in Marshal'd Order stand,
But know not how to Charge without Command;
'Twixt Shame and Rage, Disdaining and Amaz'd,
With silent Looks they on each other gaz'd.
The Adverse Party stand in like Suspence,
To shew they took not Arms but for Defence.
Till now both Hosts, for Publick Good combine,
And, tho' they met as Foes, as Friends they join.

This Revolution, on the Wings of Fame,
To the Fantastick Lovers Palace came ;
Whose Fairy-Joys transform'd to dismal Fright,
They quit their Mansion of perpetual Light,
To sculk in Caves and thickest shades of Night.

The conscious Prince from Empire thus retir'd,
And all besides of Royal Race expir'd,
The *Mandarins* assemble, to create
A Monarch, to Reform and Rule the State.
On Others Merits freely they enlarge,
But for Himself each Chief declines the Charge;

O Piety of unexampled strain,
 All, for their Country's good, prepar'd to drain
 Their Vital Blood, yet none consent to Reign!



The Lot decides; and strait the gen'ral Voice
 With loud Applause approves of Fortune's choice;
 The worthy Heir of him who did engage,
 And fell first Victim to the Tyrant's Rage.

Thus *China's* Realms their Ancient Form regain'd;
 Their Vices cur'd; but their Diseases reign'd;
 Their Minds restor'd, but still their Bodies pin'd,
 Where dying Luxury left Stings behind;
 Whose Smart, inflam'd by Vengeance from above,
 Too obstinate for Human Help did prove.
 Consumption, Dropſie, Racking Gout and Stone,
 (Till then to happy *Eastern* Climes unknown)
 All Maladies that could on Nature fall,
 With Spleen that feels, or thinks it feels 'em All.
 They Sigh all Day, and Nightly Vigils keep,
 To shun the Terrors of distracted Sleep.

In Cities dear Society and Trade,
In Field the Tillage and the Vintage fade;
The Shepherd's Pipe forlorn beside him laid.
In vain the Sick to Art or Nature fly,
While Sick as they, both Art and Nature lye.



The Wretches now to ev'ry Temple press
In fighting Crowds, not to implore Redress,
But own the Justice of their Doom, and crave
The Favour only of a speedy Grave.

Which modest Penitence that Mercy drew,
For which the poor Delinquents durst not sue.

The Solemn Day approacht, when *China's* Court
Must to the Great *Confucius* Cell resort;
The Cave in which the Hermit (long retir'd)
Compil'd those Laws which Sacred Pow'rs inspir'd;
With Angel-Visits only entertain'd;
And in his Desert *wond'rously* Sustain'd,
Where no Relief of Plant or Herb was found,
Nor Spire of Grass through all the barren Ground.

In Solemn Progress, by Devotion drawn,
The Pious King prevents the early Dawn;

Leads the Proceſſion, and advancing near,
 Beholds the Sun and Cell at once appear.
 But how Surpriz'd to find the Deſart Ground,
 With new-ſprung Plants of lovely Verdure Crown'd;
 There bloom'd the SOUMBLO, there Imperial TEA,
 (Names then unknown) and Sanative BOHE;
 All deem'd, in Honour to the Prophet's Shrine,
 Produc'd, with Virtues, like their Birth, Divine,
 And ſent a timely Cure of Publick Grief;
 Experience ſoon Confirming that Belief.

Thus far Tradition, which I oft have heard
 By *Eastern* Priests, as Oracles, Avert'd.

Next, how their Poets ſing (in bolder Verſe)
 The VIRTUES of this Plant----I ſhall rehearſe
 How happily their Art they have Expres'd,
 With uſeful *Truth* in pleaſing Fable dreſt;
 That ſickly Mortals, by the Tempting Lure
 Of Fiction, may be drawn to certain CURE.

The End of the Firſt Canto.

CANTO II.

When first *Apollo*, in Celestial Bow'rs,
Treated with fragrant *Tea*, th' immortal
Pow'rs,

(That more than *Nectar* and *Nepenthe* pleas'd)
The Goddesses with such Delight were seiz'd,
They fell to Strife about the foreign Tree,
Who should its Patroness and Guardian be :
At last the Competition was referr'd
To be before the Gods in Council heard ;
Who Summon'd, at *Jove's* Palace now were met,
And high above the rest the Thund'rer set.

First *JUNO* thus, with haughty State, addrest,
And Looks that angry Majesty exprest,
Which, e'er she spake, the Queen of Heav'n confest;

“ Let such impose upon their Judges sense,
“ Sue Favour, who to Right have no pretence ;

C

“ With

- “ With soothing Arts of Language strive to please :
 “ I come not here to Plead, but Claim and Seize :
 “ Right I demand ; and Deities, I know,
 “ Will do me Right-----for, Gods I’ll have it so.
 “ Shall Subject Goddesses with me contend ?
 “ When once Imperial *Juno* shall descend
 “ To Competition, Empire’s at an End.
 “ Shall Royal *Juno*’s Claim be disallow’d
 “ To *Tea*? with Sov’reign Properties endow’d,
 “ And Queen of Plants by Native Right allow’d.
 “ Let that aspiring Goddess, who shall dare
 “ Here to Usurp my Patronage and Care,
 “ Pretend with me the Thund’rer’s Bed to share.
 “ The Rival of my Bed, and what I prize
 “ More Dear, my Throne, and Empire of the Skies.
 “ Speak *Jove*, decide, e’er it begins, this Strife ;
 “ Respect the Empress, tho’ you Slight the Wife.
 “ Assert in Mine, your Own Celestial State :
 “ *Jove*, let us Reign, or let us Abdicate.
 “ Once to Immortals this Example show,
 “ What will your Stubborn Mortals do Below ?

“ Already

“ Already grown Impatient of our Yoke,
“ For feldom now we see our Altars Smoke;
“ With sparing Hands They offer from the Store
“ Our Bounty lends, and grudgingly Adore :
“ But from our Shrines intirely will Remove,
“ Till Government is better fix’d Above,
“ And till convinc’d-----
“ That I am *Juno* still, and you are *Jove*.
“ O *Jupiter*, a Monarch’s Sway maintain;
“ And shew the doubting World that you deserve
to Reign.

Saturnia Thus----whose Eyes, as she withdrew
Disdainful Fire back on th’ Assembly threw ;
Which through the Presence awful Terror strook,
And on his Throne the very Thund’rer shook.

MINERVA next, with stately Mien, advanc’d
Her crested Plume in waving Lustre danc’d,
And Lightning from her burnish’d Helmet glanc’d.
Delightful Terrour in her Aspect play’d,
While Thus, with awful Grace, the Goddess said:

- “ If Merit must to Majesty give place,
 “ Immortals are in Mortals wretched Case,
 “ And Vassals we, tho’ of Celestial Race:
 “ Let Nature in this Claim your Council Guide;
 “ Since she for publick Use this Plant supply’d,
 “ Let Publick Use, ye Gods, the Cause decide.
 “ If by that President you shall Decree,
 “ The Prize must fall to my Learn’d Sons and Me.
 “ Why should I our known Services repeat ;
 “ In *Athens* Name your Justice I entreat.
 “ Or if my Plea of *Athens* you disclaim,
 “ Regard my Off-Spring more endear’d to Fame,
 “ My greater Sons of *Isis* and of *Cam*.
 “ Think how of Life the Pleasures they resign,
 “ To delve, for Publick good, in Learning’s Mine.
 “ O Gods, is’t thus you treat industrious Wit?
 “ That does whole Years in brooding Study Sit,
 “ From early Dawn till Day forsakes the Sky,
 “ And Mid-night Lamps the absent Sun supply.
 “ O why should they, with Chymick Patience, wait
 “ Their Work’s Perfection, to enrich the State?

“ Of Antient Arts the craggy Ruins climb,
 “ And backward tread the painful Steps of Time,
 “ Their Senses with long Contemplation wrought
 “ To Element, their Bodies pin’d to Thought,
 “ If you this cheap Relief to Souls deny
 “ Who with *Promethean* Fire Mankind supply,
 “ To make those Sons of *Clay* the Gods Allies,
 “ And justifie their Kindred to the Skies.

She paus’d, and frown’d, with such a dreadful
 Grace,
 As when she charges on the Plains of *Thrace*.
 Then thus renews her Plea-----

“ Nature for Students this Regale design’d,
 “ Invention’s Fountain, to repay in Kind
 “ The vast expences of their gen’rous Mind.
 “ Till the spent Soil shall fresh *Idea’s* yield,
 “ And new Plantations stock wide Fancy’s Field.
 “ From this *Pirene*, this *Castalian* Spring,
 “ Exclude the Muses, And what Muse will sing?
 “ And when no Poet will vouchsafe to write
 “ What hardy Hero will vouchsafe to fight,

}
}

“Tis *Tea* sustains, *Tea* only can inspire
 “The Poet’s Flame, that feeds the Hero’s Fire.

Her Voice and Mien such deep impression strook,
 The Goddess read Consent in ev’ry Look.
 Till *VENUS*, (from her Chariot drawn by Doves,
 Surrounded by a Troop of smiling Loves)
 Unveil’d the milder Glories of her Face,
 With Native Charms, and ev’ry study’d Grace:
 Which, from her haughty Rivals, heretofore,
 On *Ida*’s Mount, the Prize of Beauty bore.
 Nor doubts she, with the same resistless Smile,
 The Gods, as then the Shepherd to beguile.
 With lovely Pride She cast her Eyes around,
 And gave with every pointed Glance a Wound.
 Which made the sternest in the Presence melt,
 And fullen *Saturn* feel what *Paris* felt.
 Thus she advanc’d; and, while she urg’d her Plea,
 She look’d and breath’d the fragrant Soul of *Tea*

“In Beauty’s Cause I sue --- can Gods despise
 “A Blessing Mortals have the Sense to Prize?

“Tho’

“ Tho’ in your Looks I read a Senate’s Awe,
 “ (How else should you the publick Rev’nce
 draw?)
 “ Yet doubt I not the stubborn’st Breast to win,
 “ Having so strong a party lodg’d within.
 “ Tho’ none in open Court appears my Friend,
 “ I safely on your private Votes depend.
 “ So shall your Goddesses and Nymphs be Kind,
 “ As Love and Beauty your Protection find.
 “ For Beauty’s sake, and her resistless Charms,
 “ The desp’rate Soldier rushes to Alarms,
 “ And for a Night of Love serves whole Cam-
 paigns in Arms.
 “ To Stars the wakeful Shepherd sings his Lays,
 “ Which he by day compos’d in *Phillis* Praise,
 “ Hoping the Nymph he does Immortal make,
 “ Will Pity on her dying Lover take,
 “ Look down ye Pow’rs, the *British* Ladies View,
 “ See there the Effects of this Celestial Dew!
 “ See there how grateful *Tea*, their choice Delight,
 “ It’s gen’rous Patronesses does requite!

“ Sublimes their Native Charms; and makes ’em
 “ shine

“ As bright, almost, as lasting too as mine.

“ Who then but Beauty’s Goddess can pretend

“ A Title to the Plant that’s Beauty’s Friend?

“ To me, ye Pow’rs, this Prize you must assign,

“ For that which thus can Beauty’s Charms refine’

“ And keep them ever *young*, for ever should be

“ mine.

She said---and resum’d her Flying Chair?

While *Cupid*’s fan, with glossy wings, the Air,

And *Venus* seem’d ev’n more than *Venus* Fair.

(Grace,

Bright *CINTHIA* next appear’d with solemn
 (A rose Blush adorns her Virgin-Face)

As from the Chase return’d her Vestments hung

With careless Decency, her Bow unstrung,

Her Quiver loose behind her Shoulder flung.

High on her Front the silver Crescent blaz’d:

The hush’d Assembly on her Figure gaz’d,

Surpriz’d and pleas’d, Transported and amaz’d.

He

Her Aspect, Stature, Movement, Shape, and Dress
 Did such Majestick Modesty express,
 As when, supported by her Forest Launce,
 Before her thousand Nymphs she does advance
 On *Cynthus* Top, and leads the Solemn Dance.
 Through ev'ry Breast a thrilling Pleasure ran,
 While thus the Goddesses of the Groves began.

“ Love's Queen, despairing this chaste Prize to win,
 “ Discreetly call'd the *British* Ladies in ;
 “ And if for Beauty only they excell'd,
 “ The Queen of Beauty's Title must have held ;
 “ But since they are no less for *Virtue* fam'd
 “ Their Votes by me, with nobler right are claim'd.
 “ If Vertue then (which *British* Ladies Prize
 “ Above the brightest Glances of their Eyes)
 “ Not quite has lost her Int'rest in the Skies,
 “ To me you must assign the sacred Tree,
 “ To me the sacred Drink of Chastity ;
 “ In which the Graces safely may rejoyce,
 “ Of Virgin Innocence the blameless Choice :
 “ Then, Deities, joyn yours with *Nature's* Voice.
 “ Who

“ Who, with this Chast *Nepenthe*, would requite.
 “ Her Woods kind Patroness, and Queen of Night.
 “ When faint with Toil, through *Phæbus* scorching
 Beams,
 “ My Nymphs and I retreat to shady Streams,
 “ Can the cold Spring a fit Refreshment be ?
 “ Which idle *Maids* drink as well as we ;
 “ And *Dryads*, who in Solitary Bow’rs,
 “ With Sleep or Revels pass their useless Hours.
 “ Let then the Forest-Tyrants safely Reign,
 “ And Mountain-Savages lay waste the Plain:
 “ Till Earth afford your Altars no Supplies
 “ Of hallow’d Fruits ; no Flames of Incense rise,
 “ And Moonless Nights affright your guilty
 “ Skies.

She ceas’d ; and Terror through the Presence
 strook,

Resuming now the same resenting Look,
 As in her Bathing-Fountain when surpriz’d,
 Luckless *Actæon*’s Error she chastis’d.
 Then with a smile (as when she does unshroud
 Her Lustre, starting from a fullen Cloud)

In milder Accents thus----

“ No! Sacred Pow’rs, for *Cynthia* to mistrust

“ Her Merit or your Honour, were unjust!

“ It must not, cannot be! (hence idle Fears!)

“ I still shall Guard your Earth, and Guild your
Spheres.

“ My Cause no Competition can admit,

“ Where Virtue pleads, and Gods in Council sit.

Diana thus----and, with her Sylvan Train
Of Nymphs attended, mounts her Starry Wain.

Scarce had the Court recover’d this Surprize,
When a new Scene of Glory charm’d their Eyes;
While *THETIS* and her *Mereids* they descry’d,
Adorn’d in all the Ocean’s glittering Pride;
Bright Shells and Gems, that with reflected Fire
Startled the Skies, and made the Stars retire.
Delightful Wonder all th’ Assembly seiz’d;
But *Neptune* ev’n to Extasie seem’d pleas’d;
Who now display’d the same Pacifick Face
That hush’d the Storm, and sav’d the *Trojan* Race.

In gentle Symphony the *Nereids* fung
 To twisted Shells, on which the *Tritons* rung
 Loud Peals that to th' *Olympian* Confines ran,
 While thus the Goddess of the Seas began.

“ ’Tis I that rule your watry World below;
 “ To Mortals I the Arts of Commerce show,
 “ To me your *Albion* does her Glory owe.
 “ By Me her Fleets to Eastern Climates run,
 “ And spread their Wings beneath the rising Sun.
 “ Thus your *Augusta*’s floating Grandeur’s shown
 “ On Seas and Shores to Ancient Fame unknown;
 “ While *Rome*, the World’s fam’d Mistress she excels,
 “ As far as *Thames* above the *Tyber* swells.
 “ Both Her’s and Nature’s Empire I sustain,
 “ By Correspondence ’twixt her Earth and Main:
 “ Her Tributary Streams, to me convey’d,
 “ In just recruits are carefully repay’d:
 “ Those Pastures where her Flocks and Herbs are
 “ Bred,
 “ Themselves are from my Bounty cloath’d and fed.

“ The

“ The Plant and Nymph, whose happy Nuptials

“ give

“ This New-found Nectar, by my bounty live;

“ From my fresh Stores the Nymph her cooling

“ Dew

“ And from my Salts the Plant his * Vigour

“ drew.

“ When, deep in Briny Cells, my Nymphs and I

“ The Business of your Ocean-Empire ply,

“ Gods! can you then this fresh Regale deny?

“ It's thus you treat the Goddesses of the Sea,

“ With Oozy Brine?-----

“ When happy Nymphs at Land rejoyce in *Tea*?

“ Of all the Rarities our Waves convey,

“ Give us but This, our Service you repay:

“ Else from their dens your *prison'd Winds* release,

“ Let Seas and Skies no longer be at Peace,

“ Destructive Tempests reign, and useful Traffick

“ cease.

* Sal Volatile.

Thus *Thetis*, and resumes her Crystal Wain,
 As when, surrounded by her Ocean-Train,
 She rides in Triumph o'r the wond'ring Main.

To Crown the Scene *HEALTH*'s Goddess
 last appears,

Who chearfully her Sanguine Aspect rears ;
 Fresh as the Spring, when by Celestial show'rs
 To Earth invited, from *Elysian* Bow'rs :
 Her sprightly looks the pleas'd Assembly drew ;
 While Spicy Zephyrs hov'ring round her flew,
 And Odours, sweeter than *Ambrosia*, threw.
 Attended by a Troop of Nymphs and Swains,
 The Pride of Nature, Glory of the Plains ;
 The Youths, like Oaken Plants, all sternly Gay,
 The Nymphs all Fair, and Mild as blooming *May*.
 Then with an Air that vital warmth display'd,
 And healthful Fragrancy, the Goddess said-----

“ Celestial Pow'rs, this Rural Tribe survey :
 “ You have no Vor'ries so sincere as They !

“ When

" When Earth of your *Astræa* was bereft,
 " 'Mongst these the Goddess her last Footsteps left.
 " If *Venus's* Plea this awful Court can move,
 " Her *Cupids* are not better vers'd in Love :
 " Or if *Diana's* Title may be pass'd,
 " They plead her Merit, for their Loves are Chast.
 " But 'tis not for their sakes I chiefly sue,
 " Who Health enjoy without your Healing Dew ;
 " For they from Nature's Cup, the Crystal Spring,
 " With Birds contentedly can Drink and Sing.
 " But far, O far unlike to these, a Throng
 " Of wretched Mortals to my Charge belong ;
 " Who with tormenting restless Sickness griev'd,
 " About my Altar languish, Unreliev'd :
 " O, for their Suff'ring sakes, in pity grant
 " This *Panacea*, this Reviving Plant ;
 " Relieve their Mis'ry, or revoke their Breath ;
 " Give 'em the Drink of Health, or give 'em Death !

Thus *Salus* urg'd her Charitable Plea,
 That soon had Crown'd her Patroness of Tea :

But Fiend *Alecto*, in a Nymph's Disguise,
 (Grudging the Sickly Earth so Rich a Prize)
 Amongst the Goddesses fresh Discord threw,
 Which into Parties the Convention drew;
Mars swagger'd, *Æol* bluster'd, *Neptune* rag'd,
 Whom *Jove* with louder Thunder scarce asswag'd.

SOMNUS, whom *Tea's* delicious Fume had
 charm'd

With golden Visions, by the Dinn alarm'd,
 Starts up; and, with a Look surprizing Gay,
 To sudden Pleasure turn'd the sudden Fray.
 Pleas'd as a Prophet, from his Dream he woke,
 And, like a Prophet, Thus, in Rapture spoke-----

“ O Glorious Prospect! such delightful Fields
 “ *Elysium* nor our own *Olympus* yields.
 “ O Sacred Streams and Bow'rs! O Fragrant Seats,
 “ Of Elemental Joys the calm Retreats!
 “ Come wretched Mortals, in this Nectar steep
 “ Your weary Souls, and charm your Cares to
 “ Sleep.

“ That,

“ That, while the pleasing slumber lasts, shall

“ drown

“ Your Griefs; and with success your Wishes

“ crown.

“ That every dismal Object shall remove,

“ And your Desires to Extasy improve.

“ What e’er you want or wish, in Dreams is

“ brought,

“ (By *Tea* inspir’d) before your raviſh’d Thought

“ Visions of Wealth the poor Man’s Wants beguile;

“ The hopeleſs Lover ſees his Miſtreſs ſmile:

“ The Voyager, for ſome rich Coaſt deſign’d,

“ Spreads all his Sail, and runs afore the Wind.

“ The Pleader, Soldier, Poet, fierce and warm,

“ Set boldly in, and wond’rouſly perform:

“ Thus Human Life in cruel Fate’s deſpight,

“ May have its Sorrows checquer’d with delight,

“ And if ſuch Blifs can Mortal Senſe employ,

“ What Transport Deities, muſt you enjoy!

“ For ſure, when ſprightly *Tea* and *Fancy* join

“ Their Wond’rous Pow’rs, the Work muſt be

“ Divine.

“ How rich the Figures! how surprizing bright!

“ Wrought on the fable Curtains of the *Night*.

This strange Discov’ry both surpris’d the Gods,
And set the Goddesses again at Odds;
Whilst, to secure the Quiet of the Skies,
The *Thunderer* once more was forc’d to rise.

A Plant that can so many Virtues boast,
He judg’d too rich a Prize to be Ingross’d;
And to no single Goddess’s Lot should fall,
That merited the Patronage of All:
Therefore, at once to silence all their Pleas,
And yet Oblige his Female Deities;
In *Common* grants what they did singly claim;
And strait gives Orders for the Trump of Fame
To found aloud, That * *GODDESS* was its *Name*.

* *Etia.*

F I N I S.

T H E
T E A-T A B L E.

Hail Queen of Plants, Pride of Elysian Bow'rs!
 How shall we speak thy complicated Pow'rs?
 Thou Wond'rous Panacea, to assuage
 The Calentures of Youth's fermenting Rage,
 And Animate the freezing Veins of Age.

To Bacchus when our Griefs repair for Ease,
 The Remedy proves worse than the Disease:
 Where Reason we must lose to keep the Round,
 And drinking Others Healths, our Own confound:
 Whilst TEA, our Sorrows safely to beguile,
 Sobriety and Mirth does reconcile:
 For to this Nectar we the Blessing owe,
 To grow more Wise, as we more chearful grow.

*Whilst Fancy does her brightest Beams dispense,
And decent Wit diverts without Offence.
Then in Discourse of Nature's mystick Pow'rs
And Noblest Themes, we pass the well-spent Hours.
Whilst all around the Virtues Sacred Band,
And list'ning Graces pleas'd Attendants stand.
Thus our Tea-Conversation we employ,
Where with Delight, Instruction we enjoy;
Quaffing, without the wast of Time or Wealth,
The Sov'reign Drink of Pleasure and of Health.*

AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
Nature and Virtues
OF
TEA:
WITH
DIRECTIONS,
In the USE of it for
HEALTH.

*Collected from Treatises of Learned and Skilful
PHYSICIANS upon that Subject.*

MY Design in Writing a Poem upon Tea was,
not only to give the Readers Diversion,
but, with that Entertainment, to make
way for a farther Good: That is, by the Charms of
D 3 Poetry

Poetry, to Recommend so Great a Blessing, and Benefit, into more General Use.

But being sensible that, in the Concern of Health, more than *Poetical Evidence* will be Required, I shall Confirm what I have said, in praise of Tea, by the unquestionable Testimony of most Eminent *Physicians*.

And first, of the famous *J. N. Pechlinus*, (Principal Physician to the King of *Denmark*) whose Dialogue *De Potu Theæ*; is celebrated amongst the Learned of his Faculty throughout *Europe*, for as Ingenuous and Judicious a Treatise as Any this Age has produc'd.

But being Written in *Latin*, Printed beyond Seas, and very few Copies of it in *England*, I have, (for the Benefit of my Country,) Abtracted from it the following Passages, Briefly as I could; yet sufficient to demonstrate the Merits of the Cause.

This Great Author, and Artist, assures us, in the first Place; that what he has written of Tea, was, not his Opinion only, but his *Experience* in the Matter, ---- *Quod mihi Vero-simile*, (says he) *Cujusque Experientiam Testem habo*.

Then, having Answered mistaken Prejudices, occasion'd by Irregular Use of this Liquor, (as to Time, Quantity, Strength of Infusion, and Other Circumstances, wherein Regard should be had to *Particular Constitutions*) he proceeds to

*The Properties of the Tea-Herb in its Self,
and as Infus'd in the Calid.*

1. That this Leaf contains a Volatile Salt of admirable Efficacy.

2. That

2. That it is enriched with a Balsamick and Medicinal Virtue.

3. That, by its grateful Bitterness and Restringly, it Corroberates the Stomach and Nerves.

4. That its Vehicle being Water, 'tis a Natural Drink.

5. That this Liquor will not Corrupt, nor turn Acid, or Viscous, as Malt-Liquors do.

6. That its Spirits enflame not the Brain, or Blood, which is the Fault of Wine.

7. That 'tis the only Medicinal Remedy that cures without Weakning of Nature, or Wearing the Constitution.

8. That 'tis the Only that brings no *Disgust* by Continuance of Taking it, which is an Unspeakable Benefit in all Chronical Distempers.

Besides these Sovereign Virtues and Uses of Tea, we find others Interspers'd through that Discourse, *viz.*

1. That 'tis the best *Diuretick*.

2. A fine *Sudorifick*, giving gentle Perspirations, and brisk Circulation of Blood, if drank in Quantity, and very hot.

3. An excellent *Emetick*, made with a strong Infusion, and Drank Luke-warm, without Sugar.

4. That, with other Physick, 'tis better than Posset-drink, or Broth, cooling the Ferment of the Body, caused by the Operation, and preventing the Drought commonly Occasioned; But for this Purpose, it must be Drank with a moderate Tincture of the Leaf, and cooler than usually.

5. He prefers a Course of Drinking this Liquor, to all *Mineral Waters*, especially in these Northern Climates; that he has experienc'd the Benefits, and good Effects to be the same, on All Accounts; besides, the great Convenience for such Persons as cannot absent themselves from their Home, and Business, *pag. 89.*

Here I cannot Omit one Passage, Particularly relating to our Country; he expressly says, *p. 77. Itaque Tabi isti Anglica, Ingluvie Orta, sola Thea Remedium adferri posse; modo cetera Vitæ Ratio respondeat.* That with Drinking of Tea only, and Regular Living, the Distemper of *England*, occasion'd by our too much feeding upon Flesh, may be cur'd. A Discovery well worth the Knowledge of a whole Nation, where the Scurvy is an (almost) Epidemick Malady.

From the above-mention'd Properties of the Tea-Herb, (as infus'd into the Calid) compar'd with the Generative, and fomenting Causes of the Stone and Gout, in Humane Bodies (which Causes he has most Learnedly, and Accurately assign'd) he demonstrates the Great Usefulness of Tea-drinking, against those Grievous Distempers. But that in

* *Largis & consumatis Hæstibus.*

both these Cases it must be drank
* Daily, for continuance of Time, and in Good Quantity; and in the former, as Hot as it can possibly be taken down.

As for Hereditary Distempers, he says, (*p. 75.*) Those Maladies are only to be dealt with by continu'd Medicaments, and those Congenial to Nature, such as this Drink of Tea, by the Use whereof, if not totally removed, their frequent Returns will be prevented; and the Fury of 'em very much rebated.

Be-

Beside the foresaid Maladies, we find the Tea-Drink, according to this Author, an Excellent Remedy against *Rheumatisms, Dropsies, Hectick Inflammations, Megrims, Lethargies, Weakness of Sight, ill Appetite and Digestion, &c.* For the Truth whereof we have a Cloud of Witnesses more, viz. Olaus Wormius in *Musæa*, p. 165. Tulp. *Observ. l. 4. c. ult.* Profess. Med. Lipswick. Ray *Hist. Plant.* Wittulm. ten. Rhyne *Physician and Botanist.* L. Le Comte. *Hist. of China.*

I shall close this Point, with that comprehensive Summary of the forementioned *Pechlinus*, of the Virtues and Efficacy of Tea, viz. *That it helps the Stomach, sweetens the Blood, revives the Heart, refreshes the Spirits, relieves the Brain, quickens Apprehension, Strengthens Memory, and preserves the just Temperament of Body and Mind*, which is the great Blessing the Wise Poet directs People to pray for, *Mens sana in Corpore Sano.*

These are its Effects, and daily Experienc'd by those who know the right Management, and drink it according to Rule; which brings me to

Directions in the Use of T E A.

The Morning (earlier the Better) the properest Time; especially when to be taken in Quantity: in small Quantity, if drank immediately after Dinner: Two or Three Hours after, more freely if you please.

But both for Quantity, Strength of Infusion, &c. for particular Constitutions; our Author refers you to the Advice of your Physician: Only in general, that

that Hot and Cholerick Bodies should drink it more diluted ; Cold and Phlegmatick Stomachs, with a Stronger Tincture of the Herb.

Note, that for Bodies Obstructed with Tough and Viscous Humours, some opening Preparatory Prescriptions are necessary, that this Liquor may have free and quick Passage, which is Requisite in all Water-Drinks.

The several Kinds of T E A.

The first is called *Sinlo*, or *Sumlo*, a Hearty, Strong Tea, and will bear change of Water several times.

The second sort is called, *Imperial*, or *Keisar Tea*, of a finer Flavour, but so thin and light a Leaf, that it must be put in Weight for Weight, and not Measure for Measure with the Other.

These two sorts are of a Green or Greyish Colour, and drink admirably well mixt together.

The finest Tea, in each sort, yields the finest Liquor, both for Complexion and Relish ; nor is the Coursest sort without its particular Benefits, as being the most Digestive and best for Emetick Use.

But there is a Third and Different Kind, call'd

The Bohe T E A.

This, besides some Qualities which it has in Common with the two former, has peculiar Virtues of its Own.

The Green Tea's by reason of their Greater Roughness, are (generally speaking) most proper for Younger People, and stronger Constitutions, where-

whereas this of *Bohe*, being more Unctuous and Balsamick, is certainly the Reserve of Nature for Languishing and Consumptive Persons, and Bodies Emaciated with Grief, Abstinence, Fatigue, Study, or Sicknes, &c. And (without Exception) for all People of Declining Years, being found by Daily Experience (both for its Sanative and Nutrative Virtue) the best Restorative in the World.

But for this very Reason, the constant Practice of Drinking it should not be for Luxury ; and when taken for Infirmities, no time of the Day is unseasonable.

I shall only add, that the *Bohe-Drink* is, not only an excellent Pectoral, and Healer of the Lungs, but a wonderful Relief in shortness of Breath ; in Suffocating, and Asthmatick Indispositions.

Both the *Green* and *Bohe-Tea*, drank by themselves, are a fine Regail, but with Milk and Bisket, or Toast, a good Repast.

Observations for making of T E A.

First, We are to take Notice, that bad Water is Meliorated by Infusion of the Tea-Leaves, (which makes it so generally in *Holland*) yet the purer your Water, the finer your Tea-Drink.

The softer your Water, such as River, Rain, or Standing Water ; the Speedier and Stronger will be the Tincture of the Leaf ; yet Fountain, Pump, or Conduit Waters make the Brisker Drink : And for the same Proportion of Herb, must have a little more time to Infuse.

If the Water (of either sort) has not Actually Boyl'd, before 'tis poured on the Leaf, the Drink
will

will taste Crude, and when it has boil'd let the Agitation be Over, and then the sooner 'tis pour'd on the better.

Your Single and Imperial Teas, are to be made by Infusion only; the least Scalding of them being prejudicial both to their Taste and Colour.

The *Bohe* will bear Heating or Boiling over again, and still drink well.

The Natural Way of Drinking Tea, (especially the Green sorts) is certainly without Sugar, and too much Dulcify'd, their Medicinal Virtue is taken off, which our Author says, is not hinder'd by a little Sugar, and so render'd more Balsamick.

Note, The Refinedness of your Sugar is always an Advantage to your Tea-Liquor, both for Colour and Flavour.

But with your *Bohe* Tea, more Sugar is not only Agreeable but Requisite.

Other Circumstances relating to this Operation may be mention'd, which your own Experience and Observation will Discover.

For Preserving the Tea-Leaf.

Your Tea-Leaf, tho' never so good when you Buy, will lose it self, (being of a very volatile Spirit,) unless carefully preserv'd in Silver, Pewter, or Tin Boxes, shut close from the Air; and, above All, kept from Damps, and Neighbourhood of strong Scents, whether Sweet or Offensive.

From the Premises it must be allow'd, that 'twould, certainly, be a *National* Benefit; If, for
Af-

Afternoon Entertainments and Conversation, the Tea-Table were always brought before Company, instead of the Bottle or Glas: This Delicious *Nectar* having all the *good* Effects of Wine, without any of the *ill*; We are here secur'd against Sophistication, and know what 'tis we drink; a Liquor that warms, without *Inflammation*, and Exhilarates without *Intoxicating*.

But this *Nectar* is not only a Regale of Conversation, for (besides the Provinces of Health and Pleasure) 'tis a great Auxilary in the Nobler and more useful Offices of Life; Labours of the Body, and Studies of the Brain, being the best Preparatory to Both, and best Refreshment after Fatigue, in either: The weariness both of Thought and Limbs, immediately passing off in easy Perspiration; succeeded by Alacrity of Spirit, and fresh Circulation of the Blood.

O Bounteous and Indulgent Nature, what a Complicated Blessing hast thou sent us in a Leaf! A Treasure worth the Traffique of Nations;

----- *A Gadibus usq;*
Auroram & Gangem.

Fortunate the Mortals with whom this *Panacea* Tree grows! *O terq; Quaterq; Beati.* --- And those who have its Leaf convey'd to 'em *Felices Nimium!* --- *Bona si Sua Norint.*

I now leave my Prose, to Justify the Verse, and make 'em appear modest Stroaks of Poetry, when I call'd the Tea-Tree the Queen of Plants; and the Tea-Liquor

The Sov'reign Drink of Pleasure, and of Health.

Postscript.

IF 'tis objected, that I have produc'd only Foreign Evidence in this Cause, without Any Credentials from our own most eminent Physicians; of whose Skill and Judgment we have more certain Knowledge: ----- I Answer in one Word, (as Good as a Thousand,) They Drink it Themselves.

